

The St. Giles's Broker.

Shewing how he was cheated in buying a Green Goose, with an Account of several sorrowful Circumstances which follow'd thereupon.

To the Tune of *Ladies of London.*



There was a wealthy old Broker of late,
 whose Wife was an absolute Beauty,
 But he so often did kiss his Maid Kate,
 he seldome did Family Duty,
 Every night she might tumble and toils,
 she'd nothing but Dreams to inflame her,
 So at the length she was desperate cross,
 but tell me what Christian could blame her.
 But as it fell out upon his Birth-day,
 some two or three Friends he invited,
 There to take part of a Green Goose they say,
 but yet that civil Wife whom he slighted,
 She to the Market then would not go,
 he must trudge himself if he'd feast her,
 Yet a good Green Goose this Spark did not know,
 so well as his Dog knew a Kester.
 Yet he declar'd that he well understood,
 a Goose when he came to the Woman,
 For when she shew'd him one both white and good,
 he swore he'd be cheated by no man,

Licensed according to Order.



Saying to her, Damsel what do you mean,
 I would not have this if you'd give't me,
 I'll have a Goose that is delicate Green,
 a wiser than you cannot cheat me,
 Now when he see his right ignorant skill,
 and being resolv'd to please him,
 She pull'd out one that was at Turners Hill,
 this into his hand straight she gib'd him,
 A Green Goose there is not in Town,
 it being one of mine own killing,
 The first I shew'd you was but half a Crown,
 for this I must have full Three Shilling,
 Tell me why did you not shew this at first,
 which seems to be greenish all over,
 With that he straightway did down with his Dust,
 said he, of Green Geese I'm a Lober,
 Home to his house he strutted in state,
 and there of his Bargain he boasted,
 Then gave it into the hands of young Kate,
 and said it must straightways be roasted.

The St. Giles's Broker.

Shewing how he was cheated in buying a Green Goose, with an Account of several sorrowful Circumstances which follow'd thereupon.

To the Tune of *Ladies of London.*



There was a wealthy old Broker of late,
 Whose Wife was an absolute Beauty,
 But he so often did kiss his Maid Kate,
 He seldome did Family Duty,
 Every night she might tumble and toils,
 She'd nothing but Dreams to inflame her,
 So at the length she was desperate cross,
 but tell me what Christian could blame her.
 But as it fell out upon his Birth-day,
 Some two or three Friends he invited,
 There to take part of a Green Goose they say,
 but yet that civil Wife whom he slighted,
 She to the Market then would not go,
 he must trudge himself if he'd feast her,
 Yet a good Green Goose this Spark did not know,
 so well as his Dog knew a Kester.
 Yet he declar'd that he well understood,
 a Goose when he came to the Woman,
 For when she shew'd him one both white and good,
 he swore he'd be cheated by no man,

Licensed according to Order.



Saying to her, Damsel what do you mean,
 I would not have this if you'd give't me,
 I'll have a Goose that is delicate Green,
 a wiser than you cannot cheat me,
 Now when he see his right ignorant skill,
 and being resolv'd to please him,
 She pull'd out one that was at Turners Hill,
 this into his hand straight she gib'd him,
 A Green Goose there is not in Town,
 it being one of mine own killing,
 The first I shew'd you was but half a Crown,
 for this I must have full Three Shilling,
 Tell me why did you not shew this at first,
 which seems to be greenish all over,
 With that he straightway did down with his Dust,
 said he, of Green Geese I'm a Lober,
 home to his house he strutted in state,
 and there of his Bargain he boasted,
 Then gave it into the hands of young Kate,
 and said it must straightways be roasted.

But it sent forth a strong dainty Perfume,
when being a while at the fire,
Kate call'd her Master straight into the Room,
and said Sir, I strange and admire,
You should buy this, 'tis not worth a soue,
no one would be able to eat it,
Nay, it will stink us all out of the house,
I vow and protest you are cheated.

But she said he let another be bought,
and go thy self Kate I entreat thee,
And cast this same in some secret Vault,
and I ketwile take care they don't cheat thee,
Honest poore Kate the innocent Maid,
He did as her Master advis'd her,
And as she Goose down the Vault she convey'd
Some two or three Women surpris'd her.

Then to a Justice they haul'd her with speed,
concluding some child she did smother,
That she might suffer for that wicked Deed,
and call'd her a Murderous Mother,
yet she declar'd it was but a Goose,
but Justice nor none would believe her,
Telling her, that was an idle Excuse,
to Gaol she was sent, which did grieve her.

For her returning he waiting did stand,
And seem'd to be highly offended,
At length a Letter came to his Wives hand,
which shew'd the Maid was apprehended,
Reading the same, he to him did run,
with railing his Cars she surrounded,
See what your impudent Gillian has done,
an innocent Brat she has drowned,

Then to the Justice he trot't'd again,
and told him a sorrowful Dicty,
When the whole story he then had made plain,
his case he did presently pity,
Kate was releas'd then home they did go,
her Master did lovingly hand her,
Now ever since those that do him well know,
they call him the Cunning Old Gander.